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Eastern Women and Their Children.

In very old Bible times we read of women spinning and weaving the richly-made robes for themselves, and fine linen garments for their children, just as now the Eastern ladies pass most of their time embroidering veils and robes, while the poorer ones work tent-coverings and camel-hair or goat's hair cloth.

AN EASTERN LADY IN THE ANCIENT TIMES.

'She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.'—Proverbs.

They are very fond of ornaments to this day, and the poor Arab mother of the desert adorns her little girl with large earrings, and necklaces of beads; sometimes she puts rings on the ankles, from which hang tiny bells, that tinkle tinkle as the child walks or runs. Her baby she carries on her shoulders, just as we read in Isaiah—'Thy daughters shall be carried on their shoulders;' and the little thing sits there securely enough; sometimes the father takes it, and it will hold on in the same fashion, even though he should be walking along attending to his business, or riding on a camel or on horseback.

One thing, children, you may copy Eastern children in, and that is in the respect they show their parents. Do you remember that when Saul was angry with Jonathan, he said, 'Thou son of a perverse rebellious woman;' now he did not mean this against his wife, but that he knew it would hurt and offend the young man more than any injury spoken to himself; for in those days, as in the present time, the mother is treated with respect, be she ever so poor, and as in the East sons are more prized than daughters, her husband usually calls her by the name of her first boy (mother of John, or whatever it may be), and she is known, as was the woman in St. Matthew, who came worshipping Jesus—'the mother of Zebedee's children.' The love of her children is shown in every way; for a boy to speak disrespectfully by or of his mother, would be considered to be a disgrace to himself. An African servant once said to a traveller, 'Strike me, but do not curse my mother;' and that explains very well why Saul spoke as he did.

The obedience of children to their parents in the olden time was a great characteristic of the Eastern nations, and in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans we find amongst a list of evil-doers adjudged to be 'worthy of death,' those who were 'disobedient to parents.' And this obedience to earthly parents was not only ordained by moral law, or the law of men, but it also formed part of the religious law, or law of God. I dare say you all remember how St. Paul wrote to the young members of the Christian church at Ephesus, saying, 'Children, obey your parents;' and how in the sixth commandment the Jews were told, 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land.'

In fact, few moral laws were more forcibly insisted upon than that of 'obedience to parents,' and thus, when God, as the Father of all peoples, but in a special sense as the Father of the Israelites, spoke to them through his prophets, and called them 'rebellious children,' when he said, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me,' he employed language most calculated to show them the heinousness of their sins, and to induce in them feelings of sorrow and repentance.—'Little Folks.'

A Concert Prayer for the Little Ones.

Few are the prayers written for little children that are simple enough for their comprehension and yet that really say something. The following is one of the best I have found, though I do not know its author:

'We fold our hands that we may be
From all our play and work set free;
We bow our heads as we draw near
The King of kings, our Father dear;
We close our eyes that we may see
Nothing to take our thoughts from thee.

Into our hearts we pray thee come,
And may they each become thy home.
Cast out the sin and make us free,
Pure like the Christ-child may we be.

This is the prayer we bring to thee.
Then raise our eyes thy light to see,
Lift up our heads to praise thee still,
Open our hands to do thy will.'

Every word of this can be made plain to the smallest, yet its meaning should be drawn out in the teaching so that the thought may be theirs, while at the same time they are taught reverence and the right idea of all prayer.

The attitude is the first consideration. First, I would have them see how little they can do in either play or work with their hands folded. We are to lay everything else aside when we come to talk to God.

Then, just as we bow heads when we meet our friends, in order to be polite, so we show respect to God by bowing our heads and keep-

ing them bowed all the time we are talking to him. For he is greater than the greatest person on earth, King over all earth's little kings and presidents. Yet how proud we should be that he is also 'our Father dear,' that we need not be afraid to ask his help and blessing.

But this is not all we should do. Our hands may be tight shut and our heads bowed low, yet when our eyes see the carpet, our neighbor's clothes, or even our own shoes, they make us think about these things; and while our lips may be praying our minds are not, they have forgotten and are doing something else. So this prayer makes us shut the little mind-windows, keeping out other thoughts, and letting us be alone with God, no matter where we are or how many are around us.

'With folded hands, bowed heads, and closed eyes, we are ready to ask God to come into our hearts and make them each his home. We know that wherever he lives, whether above the sky or in the smallest heart, there it is heaven. Then he will help us to 'cast out the sin' and keep it out, to be 'pure like the Christ-child,' and to grow up to be Christmen and Christ:women, or Christians, as we usually say.

This is the prayer we bring to him. It is all we really need to ask for.

Then we 'raise our eyes,' that is, we lift up the eyelid curtains, and the light shines in just as the sunshine streams into a room when the window shades go up. We 'lift up our heads to praise him still.' No bird sings with its head hanging down, neither can we. And then we must 'open our hands' in order to get to work and do for Him the things that need doing.—'Sunday School Times.'

The Children's Sunday.

A beautiful custom it is that devotes an exquisite summer Sabbath in the flush and bloom of June, when the roses are everywhere fragrant and the birds are singing, to the children of the church. Every Lord's Day, to be sure, is as much for the children as for their elders, but on this particular day they have their seats in the body of the church with their Sunday School banners; the songs are theirs, and the sermon is directed to them. No fairer sight ever greets our eyes than that of a church full of children, unless it be the other sight of the children week after week, scattered about among the grown people as they sit in the familiar family pews.

Too much cannot be said in praise of what the Sunday School does for childhood. Now that family worship is on the decline and that the Bible is omitted from so many of the secular schools, the hope of thousands is in the faithful teaching of the Bible on the Sabbath by men and women who gladly give their service to the Lord, mindful of His tender saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'

The children of Christian families ought by right of birth to know their Bibles, not alone in the good old way of memorizing chapters and verses, but by the hearing of the ear. Once a day at least some portion of God's Word ought to be read aloud by the fireside. But if this is not done, the children will not wholly fail of learning the Scriptures if they recite and study a portion selected wisely and explained in the Sunday School.

We try to make the sanctuary attractive on Children's Sunday by bringing to it flowers and sometimes by hanging cages of birds here and there about the church.

I have seen this done, but have never quite liked it as imprisoned birds however sweetly they may sing always make me think of bars and limitations. Then, too, although bird songs are sweet, children's voices are sweeter and nothing is so perfectly delightful as youthful voices uplifted in sacred song. There are many songs that seem fitted for the children to sing. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'Jesus Loves Me,' 'There Is a Green Hill Far Away,' 'Children of the Heavenly King,' and others, occur to us in this connection.

To preach to children is by no means a simple achievement. They resent the obvious effort to preach down to all comprehension, the plain truth being that all children except the tiny ones in the infant class understand much more than most of us suppose of the sermons addressed to an ordinary congregation. I have had very great pleasure in observing the faces of two or three bright children who sit near me in church. They lose not one word that the minister says and no faces are more responsive than theirs. The minister who would win the hearts of children must treat them as if they were intelligent and not talk to them as though they were imbeciles. They enjoy a story or an anecdote as we all do, and if the sermon be about life and conduct and the love of Christ for us, it will not fail of its object. It should not be too long. Sitting still sometimes wearies those who are beyond the restless age. Children like a good deal of change and a fifteen minutes' sermon is long enough for their real benefit.

The hope of the world is in its children. Trite and commonplace as the assertion may sound, unless the rising generation is trained for Christ, and for Christian service, there will be small hope for the world in days to come. The children for Christ should be the motto of the church.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Religious Notes.

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, the well-known medical missionary and founder of the Labrador Mission, has stirred up the friends of Aretic exploration by the statement that wherever the white man has penetrated in the remote habitable north the natives have suffered moral and physical deterioration. He even goes farther and declares that before the explorers and traders came to Greenland, the people were peaceable and their lives were simple and healthful; but with the white man came the white man's vices, and these, in many localities, have so depraved the natives that the Eskimos are now disappearing rapidly. Missionaries are doing excellent work among them, but drunkenness, immorality and disease increase at a rate that threatens the early extinction of this race.

There is a suggestion in Doctor Grenfell's observations that the great Polar quest is a ghastly illusion, as far as any substantial gain to science or advantage to commerce is concerned. He very pertinently asks what benefit may be expected from travelling across a wilderness which at some seasons is partially open and at others a dreary, level desert of ice, in search of an imaginary geographical point, which one might pass without being aware of it.

Doctor Grenfell's disclosures should not pass unheeded. Lieutenant Peary and other explorers deny that any such evils follow in their train, but certain it is that the vices and diseases have been introduced by white men. Missionaries in other lands have told of the evil effects following the introduction among native races of the white man's rum, opium, firearms, and immorality. Wherever these have been allowed to come in the wake of the explorer and trader, they have been a reproach to our own vaunted civilization, and a withering blightt to the people we should have helped to save. And yet some men who claim to be Christians would discourage the going of missionaries to counteract the effect of evil men and to preach the Gospel of Life to dying races.—'Review of the World.'

Cheering reports keep coming as to the welcoming a Laymen's Missionary Movement is receiving in all quarters. One of the Canadian missionary secretaries call it, 'potentially, the most important religious movement of the century.' The extension of the plan to England is now assured; in response to a cordial invitation from representative leaders of all churches in Great Britain, a deputation of six men went to England for two weeks, from May 27 to June 10, to hold public meetings in the great centres, and to confer with the leaders of all churches as to the possibility of joining the men of the English-speaking nations in the effort to make the message of Christ universally known in our own day.

A movement having some elements in common with the American Laymen's Movement has lately been inaugurated in Great Britain and is called a 'China Missions Emergency Committee.' A Commission of its members is about to visit China—some of them have already started—with the object of studying and reporting on the present intellectual and moral developments in China. The Committee is undenominational and includes Bishop Welldon, Sir W. Mackworth Young, Mr. Henry Morris, the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, the Rev. Drs. Robert Horton and F. B. Paton and W. Gilbert Walshe are the honorary secretaries.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character and, if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

The Unrest in India and the Postal Crusade.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—The unrest reported from India is almost altogether among the educated natives. For many years infidels of Britain and the United States have been deluging this sister nation of ours with their literature. Had the Christians of these countries in the Occident been half as anxious to spread pure reading among students and the English educated natives how different the situation might have been. There never was a time that required more spirited action than the present. For need of funds the work of sending out our best and brightest periodicals is languishing.

Many, among the rest, Miss Dunhill, whose appreciative letter appeared lately in the 'Messenger,' will have to have their subscriptions stopped, as the supply of funds is not sufficient for the demand. I trust there will be a whole-hearted, prompt response, and that I may thus be able to renew names now dropped from the list.—Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS COLE.

These gifts are acknowledged with thanks:

$1.00 has been 'Tenth Given' at Carleton Place.

$1.00 from Mrs. C. F. Burpee, of New Brunswick.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: W. J. Carmichael, Edmonton, $1.00; Winnie E. Johnston, South Dunham, 65c.; A Friend in Newfoundland, $1.00; Wm. Gray, Kilmaurs, Ont., $3.00; A Friend at Pt. Williams, N.S., $5.00.

Received for the cots: Mrs. Geo. Johnston, Caller St. Catharines, $1.00; A Friend in Newland, $1.00; Wm. Gray, Kilmaurs, Ont., $3.00; Edna L. Sanderson, Sault Ste. Marie, $3.00; L. Mitchell, Halifax N.S. $2.00.

Received for the Komatik: May W. McCaller St. Catherines, $1.00; A Friend in Newfoundland, $3.00; A Friend at Beachburg, $2.00.

Previously acknowledged for the launch	$509.09
Previously acknowledged for the cots	99.98
Previously acknowledged for the komatik	73.25
Total received up to July 30 ..	$708.97

A letter received this week tells of a box of warm clothing, 84 articles in all, sent to Labrador by the Sewing Circle of Fournier, superintended by Miss Sarah Tracy.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

All contributions in the way of clothing, etc., must be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.

LESSON.—SUNDAY, AUGUST 25, 1907.

Israel Journeying to Canaan.

Numbers x., 11-13, 29-36. Memory verses, 35, 36. Read Numbers x., 11—xii., 16.

Golden Text.

And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light. Ex. xiii., 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 19.—Num. ix., 15—x., 10.
Tuesday, August 20.—Num. x., 11-13; 29-36.
Wednesday, August 21.—Num. xi., 1-15.
Thursday, August 22.—Num. xi., 16-35.
Friday, August 23.—Num. xii., 1-16.
Saturday, August 24.—Ex. xxiii., 20-33.
Sunday, August 25.—Neh. ix., 5-23.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

How old were you last year, Fred? Does a year seem a very long time? Anyhow, whether it seems long or short a very great deal can happen in a year. You remember we have been studying about the Israelites and their life in the wilderness. For six or seven Sundays we have been studying about what happened while they were camped about Mount Sinai, for they stayed in this place very nearly a year. Did you ever watch a company of soldiers and see how well they keep step, and know just what to do when their leader gives an order? Perhaps you never thought what a long time it took to learn it all, but it did take a long time. And it always does take time to learn how to do anything well, and that was why God kept the Israelites so long at Mount Sinai. In our lesson to-day, however, we learn about how they set out on their journey. Do you know where they were going? Yes, to Canaan. Had any of these people been there? It is not at all likely, for they had been slaves in Egypt, in cruel bondage, and it is very certain that even their leader, Moses, had never been to Canaan. But was Moses the only leader they had?

Speak of God's presence and continual guidance as the reason they were not afraid to go forward. Try to make them realize that God is as willing to-day to guide us until we reach the 'promised land' of our heavenly home.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It is particularly noticeable that our life on earth is always spoken of as a journey, a progress, the leaving behind of some things, the pressing forward to others. One of the chief hindrances to the progress of the Israelites was their looking back to past pleasures. If we are to go forward as well as we may, let the future have our thoughts. A very practical point in to-day's lesson is the appeal of Moses to Hobab to accompany them. In this there is no sign of a failure of faith on Moses' part. He had not the slightest doubt of God's guidance, but he had the right feeling that God would expect him to do what he could. What was the need of continual divine revelations when there was the human means to hand in Hobab, a life-long son of the desert. The very words in which Moses first tries to induce him to accompany them shows there is no lack of faith, for he pleads the glorious future. The character of Hobab seems well suited for the true friendship that there evidently was between him and Moses; he is a strong son of the free desert, a desirable companion, a lover of his home and kindred, so much so that future prosperity can not induce him to leave them. Yet from the various references to his descendants in Canaan (Judg. i., 16; iv., 11; 1. Sam. xv., 6), it is very evident that the second appeal met with a hearty response.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

We may sometimes envy those pilgrims of the desert who were only obliged to look out of their tents in order to learn whether to remain quiet or to go ahead; and if they were to move they knew just whither to bend their steps. But our God, if we ask Him, will be as truly with us in our life-journey as He was with the children of Israel. One important thing with the children of Israel was to keep their eyes on the movings or the restings of the cloud-pillar. They did not move it; the cloud moved them. A Christian who would be happy and successful in his spiritual life must be an open-eyed servant of his Master. He must be open-eyed to study the Lord's example.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

A disinterested observer of the world will note the singular fact that a small remnant of mankind carries all the rest on its shoulders. For every man of influence, of power to help, there are nine (perhaps ninety-nine would be nearer the mark) to lean on him. The brain work he does affords capital which hundreds who do not use their brains live upon. His moral character is the standard and guide for many who follow instinctively where a strong man leads. So, among the other things which young people must decide for themselves is whether they will be in their particular sphere leaders or trailers. Perhaps you will decide that you have powers which, if trained and directed with conscience and with steady purpose, will enable you to lead, instead of to trail after; to help, instead of being one of the ninety-nine to hang upon a stronger one.—Archer Brown.

Whither are we going? Can we honestly invite men to join us in our life march? What is our life march? To what place are we journeying? Who laid its foundation? Are not many men wandering without a destiny? Is it not too usual to have no map of life, no definite end in view, no location that can be named to pursue day and night until we reach its golden streets? There is too much of haphazard in our life—going forth day by day at a venture. Moses knew whither the camps were going; they were all set in one direction. All wisdom says,—Determine your course; have one object in view; be ruled by one supreme purpose.—Joseph Parker.

The blessing of life's schooling is not in knowing the right answer in advance, but in developing power through struggle.—Maltbie Babcock.

The truest proof of a man's religion is the quality of his companions.—Basil.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The Lord was guiding the people to the promised land. We can imagine them saying, 'Now, that the Lord guides us we will be led only in pleasant ways, and we will reach the promised land by the shortest route, in the quickest time. But, as a matter of fact, the Lord had led them into the trouble by the Red Sea, into the dry and thirsty land where no water was. He led them where they suffered hunger and thirst, where they were bitten by serpents, where enemies stood ready to attack them, and kept them forty years on a journey that could have been accomplished in a few weeks. The Lord himself did this by his guiding pillar, led them by the wells and palm groves of Elim, fed them with manna, delivered them from their enemies, and brought water out of the rock.

Why did the Lord lead them thus? It was to prepare them for the promised land when they should reach it, and fit them to conquer all enemies, to be a prosperous and holy nation that would commend to all other nations the God they obeyed and the truths by which they lived. Without this discipline their going to the promised land would have been a failure.

Verse 29. 'And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Raguel.' This is the same as the Reuel of Ex. ii., 18, who is generally supposed to be the same as Jethro (Ex. iii., 1), Reuel being his name, and Jethro, which means Excellency, his honorary title. The Midianite, Hobab belonged to the Kenites, an Arab tribe of Midian, east of Sinai. Moses' father in law. The Hebrew word translated 'father in law' means any relation by marriage, so that Hobab may have been Moses' brother-in-law, being brother to Zipporah, Moses' wife. It will be remembered that already a lasting friendship had been formed between the Kenites and Israelites, sealed by sacrifice (Ex. xviii., 12).

The Stronger Motive. Over many minds the second motive Moses used is the more powerful. God wants you to be a Christian not only because it is best for you, but because there is work for you to do in his kingdom; there are multitudes to help, battles to fight, victories to gain, the kingdom of God to come, the world to be redeemed.

So Ruskin says that no good work is done for hire. 'For love of their country, or their leader, or their duty, men fight steadily; but for massacre and plunder, feebly. Your signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," they will answer; your signal of black flag and death's head, they will not answer.' —'Modern Painters.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Psalm ciii., 7; Jer, iii., 4; I. John i., 3; Pss. xxxii., 8; xlviii., 14.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 25.—Topic—Foreign missions; Christ in Mexico and South America. Ex. xx., 1-6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOME MISSIONS.

Monday, August 19.—Workers with God. II. Cor. vi., 1.

Tuesday, August 20.—Helping our neighbors. Luke x., 29-37.

Wednesday, August 21.—Love thy neighbor. Jas. ii., 8.

Thursday, August 22.—The knowledge of salvation. Luke i., 77-79.

Friday, August 23.—Pray for more workers. Matt. ix., 36-38.

Saturday, August 24.—Ready to distribute. I. Tim. vi., 17- 18.

Sunday, August 25.—Topic—The work at home. Matt. ix., 35; x., 5-7.

Managing A Difficult Class.

Be in Sunday school on time, and ready to receive the pupils as they come in.

Have a good supply of material—Bibles, hymn-books, etc.

Remember that constant occupation is absolutely necessary.

Make your own map.

Do not get so occupied with one pupil as to forget the others.

Often ask questions of the mischievous boy. —Selected.

An Appreciation.

The 'Witness' is the best newspaper in Canada. It really gives all the news worthy of the attention of intelligent readers, essential to the citizen's oversight of the administration of public affairs. We admire the 'Witness' because its columns are never defiled by rum advertisements, nor by word pictures of brutalizing exhibitions of the 'manly art.' We admire it because it dares to offend the enemies of temperance, by publishing temperance news, because it discusses the matter editorially, and opens its columns for free and full discussion of the subject to all comers. We admire it, because it is unique in this respect among the big city dailies. We admire it, because it is a clean sheet that may be read by young and old, read in the home as a home builder.—Hants 'Journal,' Truro, N.S.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

How he wrestled with the prince of the power of the air in his quiet study will never be known until the day when all things are revealed; but that he did so wrestle, I am as certain as that he was utterly vanquished in the fight. There are those living at this day who can witness to the evidences he bore of that parlous struggle in his harassed and careworn face. During those last clouded weeks of his Netherborough career, he could never rid himself of the picture of poor Smart. The whole sad scene was burnt in upon his heart and brain. Many a time he would return from a weary, heartless service which was no balm to him, but gall and bitterness, as he did on the night of poor Smart's fall, to enter his study, lock the door, fling himself on his couch, and groan aloud.

Then he would beat the sofa on which he lay, face downward, with his clenched hand, and sigh and groan and weep hot tears in the bitterness of his soul. Then, worn, weary, spent, despairful—then what? A glass or two of spirits from the decanter, which was kept so handy, and he was able to 'pull himself together' again, and attempt life's duties, duties which had been a sacred delight, but which were now—O, the slavery of it!—a heart-break to him; a doleful, mechanical grinding at the mill!

One Sunday night, Mr. Norwood Hayes came to fetch him to the house of God, for it was very late. He had to force the door of his study, and there, seated at his table, with his head lying on the table, was the pastor, helplessly asleep and drunk.

Mr. Hayes explained to the gathered congregation—it was significantly small—that the pastor was too ill to conduct the service, and, therefore, that none could be held. He could have conducted it himself; there were others present who could have done the same; but he knew, they knew, what the pastor's 'illness' meant, and fitly enough, silence best befitted the place and time.

Poor Dunwell! From that sad day the course of this servant of God was one of swift decline. He speedily sank out of sight, and was at length whelmed in the surging deep. Some sorrowed over him, pitied him, loved him still; some sternly condemned him, and protested against the weakness of will that slid him down to ruin; and some, ay, many, made him the topic of pot-house conversation, made fun of that 'drunken parson,' and laughed at and cursed 'religion' and 'Christianity,' and once more crucified the loving, the holy, and the beautiful Christ!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

As is, alas, too common with country congregationalism, the church once without a pastor must have remained without one indefinitely, and would have done so doubtless, had it not been for Aaron Brigham. As it was, they had supply after supply, and each preacher knew that he was practically preaching a trial sermon, and did his best, but the church, perhaps prostrated by the sad event that had led to the old pastor's retirement, more probably, judging from the general course of events in such cases, prostrate with apathy, could not make up its mind to invite any of them. The objections to many of them were weak, but as there was not much enthusiasm in favor of any given supply, they were strong enough to prevent a call.

Our old friend, Aaron Brigham, did not usually interfere much in matters of church government, but the sad mishaps I have chronicled had stirred the old man to the depths, and partly influenced by the shilly-shallying which seemed about to doom the church to go pastorless through time, partly in hopes of getting some earnest leader for the sadly-wrecked temperance work in place of Walter Bardsley, he made up his mind that some minister should be asked to preach who would speak to the people with no uncertain sound on the sin of intemperance, the perils of strong drink, and the duty of the church in the matter. It was at a church meeting that the good old man delivered his mind upon the subject.

'Why don't yo' ax somebody te cum an' preach that'll tell us all wer duty to wer neighbor. There isn't a week i' t' year, nor a day i' t' week, that Netherborough isn't disgraced wi' what gans on i' the public-hooses, an' them ootside on 'em, let alooan t' mischief that's done i' fooak's houses. Ah tell yo' wer chotchyard is gettin' fair glutted wi' them 'at's fallen through strang drink, and there's nowt but weepin' an' sorrowin', an' rags an' misery whereivver the ugly thing finds hoose-room. Ah sud think 'at this chotch, at any rate, hes cause te wakken up on this subject. We've lost yan o' the finest men that God ever called te preeach the Gospel o' love an' marcy, an' if we ho'd were voice aboot, the varry steeans 'll cry out ageean us. Ah's sorry te ha' te speak so warmly, but Ah can't an' Ah weean't be still. Iniquity and misery run down wer streets like watter, an' meeast on it coomes oot o' t' bottle and barrel, an' if the Lord's chotch dizzn't set aboot puttin' a stop te it, Ah tell yo' what, the Lord 'll seean put a stop te it. Ah propooase tha we bev a temperance minister, an' let's ask him to tell us all that's in his heart aboot the evil sperrit tha's robbin' the Lord of His own bairns, an' thrustin' 'em oot into darkness an' the grave, an' sendin' 'em te hell straight from the varry hoose o' God. Ma poor awd heead is bowed don wi' sheeame, an' me heart's a'most brokken te see wer members seein' te ruin, an' helpin' other fooaks te ruin an' all.'

The old man spoke with such fervor and feeling that the meeting was deeply impressed. Jeannie Bardsley rose up instantly to second the motion. Mr. Norwood Hayes made some slight attempt to throw cold water on the proposal, little thinking of the shock that was in store for him. This brought the kindly soul to her feet again. A rush of feeling came to her aid—

'To-day,' said she, 'I've been to the churchyard to weep, as I have wept before, by the grave of my buried love; and oh, how many graves there are all round him of those whom I know were slain by strong drink! I look on that empty pulpit, and I can scarce speak for the choking in my throat. There's scarce a house in Netherborough that hasn't a dark shadow on the hearthstone made by drink. Oh, it does seem to me that the town is being filled with lamentation, mourning, and woe. Where are the young men gone who were with us in church communion? You'll find some of them at this moment at the bar of the "Dragon," or the taproom of the "Netherborough Arms" Something must be done, and that right quickly, or the judgment of God, which has smitten us so heavily, will smite us again. eLt us stand up and entreat the Lord that this plague may be stayed.'

smite us again. Let us stand up and en-

passioned appeal, hid her face in her hands, and wept.

Seated in a pew a little way behind his sister sat Walter Bardsley and his young wife. It is not very long since these two were married, but it has been long enough to take the roses out of the cheeks of one and transfer them in parody to those of the other, for Walter Bardsley was on a genuine down grade, and the young wife was reaping in fear and sorrow some earnests of the harvest she went a-sowing on her bridal morn.

As soon as his sister ceased speaking, Walter sprang to his feet, and said loudly and impulsively, as if he feared the impulse would pass off—

'I, too, desire to support the motion. There was a time, not so long back, when I could gladly have led such a movement myself, and found a righteous joy in pushing it to an issue. As it is,'—and the very spirit of despair seemed to inspire his words,—'I myself am being pushed to an issue by the devil, who has had home and shelter in our church long enough. What the climax will be I dare not think. Would to God I had never—'

He had spoken hotly and hastily—had spoken as though each word was a whip with which he was lashing himself. Suddenly he remembered that at every word, with tenfold force, he was also lashing the trembling woman at his side. He loved her dearly; so he said no more, but left his seat and silently retired. Poor Walter! Heart and mind and conscience were all alive and quick within him—all the more forceful that he had knowingly silenced their voice with wine.

(To be Continued.)

PROUD OF HIS CAMERA.

The following letter needs but little explanation. It is from one of our earliest and best 'Pictorial' agents, whose picture was in the 'Canadian Pictorial' for January, and who knows how to keep hold of a good thing:

L., Ont., July 30, 1907.

Dear Sirs,—I received the camera last night, and I am highly delighted with it. I must say that I can recommend it to any boy or girl as a splendid prize—a prize which the owner will be proud of, and also it is no toy. Please send me three dozen August numbers.

Wishing you success, I remain,
Yours truly,
WM. MOULTON.

Any boy reader of this advertisement—or any girl, either,—who wants a neat, little camera, needs only to sell EIGHTEEN copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents each, remitting us the money, and the camera is theirs—a No. 1 size taking a picture 2¼ in. x 2¾ in, snap shot or time. Sell FIVE more to get a film roll of six exposures. Full instructions with every camera—and further supplies may be obtained on same basis.

If you want a larger and better camera, a No. 2 size, taking pictures 2¾ x 3¼, you have only to sell THIRTY-SIX 'Pictorials' instead of EIGHTEEN as above, and the camera is yours. Film rolls for larger camera same price as for small.

Other premiums:—Fine Jack-Knife, a Fountain Pen, Watch and Chain, on easiest possible terms.

We trust you with twelve to start your sales on. Send in postcard at once for supply of current issue and full particulars. All orders promptly attended to. This offer is not good for Montreal or suburbs, but for anywhere else in Canada.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Nature's Playmates.

(Alice Van Leer Carrick, in 'Youth's Companion.')

There's a rich little lassie that people call poor,
But her playthings are plenty, her dolls are a score,
For they grow on the bushes, they spring from the ground,
And their dresses are dock-leaves with green sashes bound.
They fall from the pine-trees, and they glisten with dew,
Like bright rainbows they're colored with every hue,
For a garden grows thickly right up to the door
Of this rich little lassie that people call poor.
She has pebbles to build a white castle so strong,
Flower people to fill it, a wonderful throng!
For every Blush Rose in oak-leaves is Queen o' the May;
Glossy Tulip, all scarlet, her waiting-maid gay;
There are tall corn-cob ladies, with hair of fine silk,
Pansy dollies of purple, and lilies like milk.
Happy child! She has only to choose from her store,
This rich little lassie that people call poor!

Pennies or Gold Coins.

I once heard a speaker say that he tossed a handful of pennies into the midst of a congregation to illustrate a point he wished to make. It was this: that they would not stop to gather the copper coins—they would not think them worth while. But if each coin had been a gold piece, how many would have stooped to gather at least the one that lay nearest? And then he applied it: how many would resist the great temptation as well as the small one?

Do you resist the little temptations and fall at the large ones? Do you scorn the small change that evil throws in your way, but grasp eagerly at the larger price when it is offered? The golden opportunity that shines before you—how bright it looks! Yet you know that it is a temptation to evil in some form; for it demands the sacrifice of a principle. Its name may be wealth, or fame, or honor, or any other thing that the world can give. But: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose—his soul?'

It is easy to reject and ignore the pennies—so easy that it is nothing of which to boast. It is glorious to reject the tainted gold—glorious to be strong in the power of right, and to stand upright and walk unbending, though the path be strewn with the fool's gold of sin.—'Epworth Herald.'

The Sweetening That Was Left Out.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

When Mildred entertained her classmates at an afternoon tea she prepared the dainty menu—from start to finish—with her own white fingers, and it was her first experience in the fad of cooking, too. To be sure, mamma's watchful eye directed every move in the kitchen's checker board that morning, but not once did she lift a finger to assist, not even when Mildred's arm ached beating the fluffy mixture that a few hours later, in the form of a cake, won unstinted praise from the merry samplers.

'It would be less trouble to do the work out and out yourself,' insisted Aunt Alice, a bit irritably, wondering at her sister's unfailing patience in repeating directions over and over again.

'That would not be teaching Mildred how to do it,' returned the mother, sweetly, as she once more gave the signal for 'exactness' on every particular, from the cracking of the eggshell at the beginning of the cake-mixture, until piled high with snowy icing, the beauty was placed on the top shelf of the pantry—beyond the reach of meddling fingers, to cool.

'It is delicious,' said big brother Ben, smacking his lips over the generous slice Mildred managed to smuggle to him from the girls' table, in lieu of assistance in entertaining later in the evening. 'It is simply out of sight, little girl.'

'Almost as good as mother's own,' agreed father, eating the unfashionably thin slice doled out to him. 'All the objection I have to it is, there is not enough of it.'

'I only got one bite—not big enough to be a taste,' moaned ten-year-old Della. 'And all the girls said it was just splendid—fairly melted in their mouths.'

'Milly gave me the crumbs left on the plate, cos she said I'd divide with Bud, but Buddy took all and I didn't get the weentiest, teentiest taste at all,' sobbed Baby Bell, Bud's twin, ready to cry outright.

'You poor little mite,' said Ben, sympathizingly, 'if I had known that, I should certainly have divided with you. Brother is dreadfully sorry, Baby, and if you don't cry, you shall have a whole poke of chocolates to make up—after supper, real iced ones, too.'

'Goody, goody!' exclaimed Bud, clapping his hands, gleefully.

'But you took all the cake,' said Ben, trying to look severe. 'The chocolates are for Baby Bell, who was fooled out of her share by her twin—a boy.'

'There was only three crumbs there,' whined Bud, 'and they just stuck to my tongue when I tried to lick 'em off the plate. I wish Baby had taken half, I do.'

'Never mind, you poor little midgets,' urged Mildred. 'Sister baked that cake all, all herself, and she'll bake another just like it for you little folks to-morrow.'

'And for me and Baby Bell?' began Bud, and then forestalled the charge of selfishness by adding, 'But we'll divide with Ben and papa and everybody, won't we, Baby?'

'We'll divide with everybody,' repeated Baby Bell, and having restored peace in the family, Mildred went back to her guests, as much complimented over the pretty things said around the home board as she had been by the enthusiastic praises of her girl friends.

'Don't forget the cake, sister mine,' said Ben the next morning, with peculiar emphasis on sister, after a little scene at the breakfast-table in which Mildred's rather unsisterly bearing had 'left a bad taste' in his mouth. Fred Archer is coming home with me this evening, and he is specially fond of cake.'

'If Fred Archer wants cake he would better stop at home and sample his mother's,' Mildred retorted with spirit, 'I'm too tired to trouble with cake to-day.'

'But you promised us a cake, Bud and me,' said Baby Bell, peevishly.

'Never mind toddlings; sister Lotty will bake you some cookies, and you and Bud can have a little picnic in the playhouse—all to your own little selves,' comforted Lotty, the peace-maker.'

'Don't mix up with the fuss, Lottie Glenn,' snapped Mildred, sharply, 'You are always making trouble by your meddling.'

'I thought she was turning trouble aside,' Ben said to himself, noting the difference in the sister's voices. 'I can't understand what good Mildred's religion does her,' he mused. 'She is always in hot water about something, while Lotty, without pretentions to being better than other folks is so much pleasanter to live with.'

Lotty made an effort to right things by apologizing for her interference, but Mildred was in no mood to listen further than to put a stop to the cookies, by carrying out her own promise regarding the cake.

'I am going to make it, out and out myself,' she told her mother when assistance was proffered.

'Better let me write the directions out, then,' suggested mamma, but—Mildred was contrary that morning, and had her own way about the cake from first to last. 'A very good way, too,' she told herself when she took it out of the oven, so near perfection that everyone pronounced it a success—untasted.

But in this case, as in many another one—the 'tasting' proved the crucial point, grimaces instead of praises accompanying this testing process.

'Don't be frightened, children,' counselled Lotty, coming to her sister's defence. 'There is nothing wrong with the cake, except that one of its ingredients has been left out.'

'Sugar!' exclaimed Ben. 'I see plainly now. The cake is like some folks I have seen—good and honest and true, in all their make-up, but with the sweetening of life left out.'

'And everything, spoiled, ruined by the one omission,' said Mildred, the hot tears dimming her eyes. 'I understand, for I have set my own lesson.'

'Then, dear, with the lesson turned you can learn it all over again,' comforted her mother. 'It may be hard, but with the loving Master at the head to teach you out of his own life-book, you cannot fail to learn of Him, and by your own living thereafter to win others—your loved ones—to follow in His steps.'

The Great Danger of Getting Discouraged.

Perhaps we have not thought of discouragement as being dangerous, but it is. The feeling that begins to creep into one's heart some day when things have not gone quite as one hoped, is an evil spirit trying to get possession of the heart. Let it in, and you do not know to what sin and disaster it may lead. Discouragement if nursed and cherished, leads to despair. Or, though it does not grow to such sad ripeness, it casts a shadow over one's life. It weakens one's purposes and paralyzes one's energies. A discouraged man is only half himself. He takes hold of duty with but half his normal earnestness. His feet drag heavily as he goes on life's errands.

We cannot afford to allow ourselves to become discouraged even for an hour, even in the smallest degree. We require all our strength if we would be equal to the need and the stress of each common day. Life is not easy for any of us if we meet it worthily and make of it what God expects us to make. We require that our eye shall be clear, its light undimmed; that our heart shall beat with full pulsings; that our hands shall be strong and steady; that all our powers shall be at their best. This cannot be if we let ourselves become the prey of discouragement.

Some young people appear to start in life amid discouragements. Their condition seems to foredoom them to failure, or at least to broken life or only limited success, But this is only a seeming foredooming. God has so ordered it that our very hindrances may be made blessings by which we shall grow stronger and be led into success.

A physician whose life has been beautiful with good deeds and Christian faith gave this interesting experience. He was a poor boy and a cripple. One day he was standing watching a ball game. His heart was full of bitter envy, however, as he saw the other boys, lithe, happy, and strong. A young man who stood beside him, noting the discontent on his face, said to him 'You wish you were in the place of those boys, don't you?' 'Yes, I do,' he answered. 'I reckon God gave them money and health to help them to be of some account in the world,' said the young man. 'Did it ever strike you,' he continued after a pause, 'that God gave you your game leg for the same reason—to make a man of you?'

He never saw the young man again, but he never forgot the words. At first they seemed cruel, but as he thought of them they began to put hope into his heart. His crippled leg God's gift! To make a man of him! He could not believe it. But still he could not get the thought out of his mind, and at length it began to put hope into him. It helped him to rise above his deformity and conquer it. It taught him patience and inspired him to heroic living. He soon learned that what was true of his game leg was true of all the difficulties and hindrances in his life—they were all God's gifts to him.

Here is a golden lesson for young people who are starting life with some hindrance or burden—lameness, ill health, a deformity, something which seems to make their chance in life an unequal one—God gave you this burden, this hindrance, this inheritance of difficulty, to help you to grow noble, strong, worthy. What seems to you a cause for discouragement is really a gift of God to make you brave, persistent, victorious.

Every new load God lays upon us, every

new care or responsibility, every new difficulty or burden—a helpless invalid to look after, a friend in distress needing help, a hard bit of road to walk over, a disappointment —is only another chance to grow, to become stronger, richer-hearted, more Christlike.—'Wellspring.'

Just How Much?

'I would just do anything to get an education!' said Joe, savagely thumping the down sofa-pillow till a fine fluffy dust flew from seams and corners.

'Just how much would you do, Joe?' said practical Uncle Phil, interestedly. 'As much as Elihu Burritt?'

'How much did he do?' inquired Joe. 'Was he a boy without any chance?'

'No, indeed!' said Uncle Phil, who never sympathized with whining Joe's way of looking at things. 'As many chances as you have, or any other boy with brains and ten fingers. Had to work at a forge ten or twelve hours a day, but that didn't hinder him from working in his mind while his hands were busy. Used to do hard sums in arithmetic while he was blowing the bellows.'

'Whew!' said Joe, as if he, too, saw a pair of bellows at hand. 'How old was he? Older than I am, wasn't he?'

'About sixteen, when his father died. By and by he began to study other things. Before he died he knew eighteen languages, and nearly twice that number of dialects. All this time he kept hard at work blacksmithing.'

'I don't have to work as hard as that,' said Joe, after a while, with a shamefaced look that rejoiced his uncle's heart.

Joe was a farmer's son, and in busy times there was a good deal for a boy of his age to do. So far he had not been spared to go away to any preparatory school to 'fit' for college. So he had faint-heartedly and sulkily given up the thought of going there. Somehow, Uncle Phil's words had put things in a new light.—'Christian Uplook.'

Three Universal Talents.

The late Robert Louis Stevenson had a happy way of applying religion to life and showing how it should work out in practice. Talking one day to the children at a school in Samoa about the parables of the Talents, he told them there were three they all possessed; Tongues, that they must use to be cheerful and make those happy who were round them. Faces, that they must keep as bright as a new shilling, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes. Hands, that they must keep employed in useful work cheerfully done; and if they spent their lives in doing these things for the good of others, they might be told at last: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.'—Selected.

The Flying Dragon.

(S. C. Wheat, in 'Treasure-Trove.')

The flying dragon of Java and Borneo is not a terrible monster with long wings and huge teeth. Such shapes only exist in fables and on Chinese banners. While this little creature has received a frightful name, it is only a harmless tree lizard that glides along the branches so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow its movements. When it comes to a short space between two trees and wishes to cross, it spreads a pair of membranes on its sides and fills three pouches on its neck with

air. Thus made buoyant, it floats across, looking much like an autumn leaf driven by the wind. These membranes serve the same purpose as those of the flying-squirrel, but do not beat the air as the wings of a bat. They are supported by six pairs of ribs which, instead of curving around in the body, grow out straight and very slender.

The three bags of air on the neck are really three little balloons. Who taught this lowly child of nature to use balloons and parachutes? He learned it himself, you say. Well, it took man, gifted with an intellect and a pair of hands, many centuries to acquire the same skill. Many fishes have a swim bladder which they fill with air, and birds have air-cells in their bones and flesh. So the flying dragon is not the only creature that uses the balloon.

Squirrels frisk among the branches, and birds sing in their glee; but the flying dragon has only a subtle, gliding movement, and seems incapable of joy. Its blood is too cold for the gay antics of its neighbors in feathers and fur. Every warm-blooded animal like the squirrel has a double heart, the right half of which pumps the blood to the lungs, where it meets the breath and some lively trading is done. The breath, in a twinkling, takes a poisonous gas from the blood and puts in its place a little oxygen. This action not only produces heat, but changes the blood from a dull to a bright hue, and from a deadly poison to a life-sustaining fluid. It then flows to the left side of the heart, and is pumped through the entire body. On its way, it gathers up the worn-out particles of flesh and bone, and puts in their place some new material; but in doing this it loses its bright hue and becomes poisonous. It now works its way back to the right side of the heart to be driven again to the lungs.

Thus the pure blood is kept separate from the impure, and the work of repairing the tired muscles goes on vigorously. But the heart of a reptile is not double, and the pure blood from the lungs mixes with a poisonous fluid from the whole system. The whole of purifying the blood and rebuilding the body is carried on slowly and but little heat is produced. Life, under such circumstances, may be long, but enjoyment must be correspondingly less.

The fringed dragon seen in the picture resting on a tree is a native of Sumatre| It closely resembles the flying dragon which is shown leaping through the air. They both leap a distance of sixty feet or more. Their food is insects.

Indian Boyhood.

'What boy would not be an Indian for a while when he thinks of the freest life in the world?' asks the Indian writer, Mr. Charles A. Eastman, in his book, 'Indian Boyhood.' But while Indian boys have the freedom of the woods, they have a more severe training than white boys, to fit them for what their tribe believes to be the duties of manhood. Mr. Eastman thus recalls his own experience:

It seems to be a popular idea that all the characteristic skill of the Indian is instinctive and hereditary. This is a mistake. All the stoicism and patience of the Indian are acquired traits, and continued practice alone makes him master of the art of woodcraft.

Physical training and dieting were not neglected. I remember that I was not allowed to have warm beef soup or any warm drink. The soup was for the old men. General rules for the young were never to take their food very hot, nor to drink much water.

My uncle, who educated me up to the time when I was fifteen years of age, was a strict disciplinarian and a good teacher. When I left the tepee in the morning he would say, 'Hakadah, look closely to everything you see,' and at evening, on my return, he used often to catechize me for an hour or so: 'On which side of the trees is the light-colored bark? On which side do they have the most regular branches?'

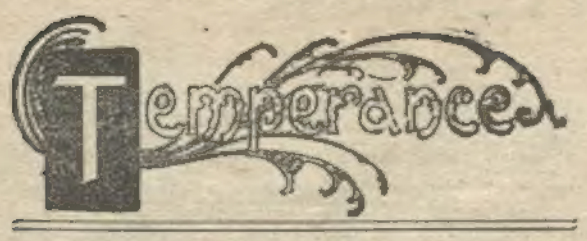
It was his custom to let me name the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color or shape of the bill or their song or the appearance and locality of the nest; in fact, anything about the bird that impressed me as characteristic.

'Hakadah,' he would say to me, 'you ought to follow the example of the shunktokecha (the wolf). Even when he is surprised and runs for his life, he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything you see.'

All boys were expected to endure hardship without complaint. In savage warfare a young man must, of course, be an athlete, and used to undergo all sorts of privations. He must be able to go without food and water for two or three days without displaying any weakness, or to run for a day and a night without any rest. He must be able to traverse a pathless, wild country without losing his way either in the day or at night. He cannot fall short of these things if he aspires to be a warrior.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application



A Drunkard's Brain

The Terrible Result of an Appetite for Alcohol.

'I was present at the autopsy of a noted old "rounder" of my town a few weeks ago,' said a resident of Troy, N.Y., recently, 'and I was startled and shocked at what I saw. The dead man was about sixty years of age, and had been the town drunk for forty years. The doctors had surmised that when they cut his head open a pronounced smell of alcohol would issue from the skull.

'I thought it only one of those grim jokes that Aesculapians indulge in sometimes when they are carving a fellowman to mince meat in the interest of their science. But I soon learned that it was no joke, for when the surgeon's saw had cut off the top of the man's skull the odor of the alcohol that filled the room was strong enough to almost sicken one. Then one of the surgeon's struck a match and held it close to the brain. Immediately a blue flame enveloped the entire portion of the cerebral organ exposed, and the quivering flesh sizzled as if on a gridiron.

'That experiment and disclosure set me to very serious thinking about the error of my way. I am not a temperance lecturer nor a prohibition politician, but I must most respectfully and firmly decline your invitation to have something. I don't want my brain to float around in a sea of alcohol, as did that of the poor old town drunkard of Troy. There is no telling how many other men's brains will reveal the same condition if an autopsy is held upon them.—St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'

Looking at the Facts.

Mr. J. A. Steuart, the novelist, to whom we are indebted for some searching pictures of social life, speaking to a congregation in Dundee, said some of the plainest things his audience ever heard upon the Church and drink traffic. He declared, and we fully agree with him, that despite all our efforts in temperance work, the Church is not yet awake to the 'insidious, subtle, all-pervading influence of the drink traffic.' One suggestion he made we should like to see carried out, i.e., that Christian people should go and see for themselves how men and women, made in the likeness and image of God, and meant to minister to His glory, are preparing for the gaol, the penitentiary, and the gallows. The awful facts of drink are known to the majority at second or third hand only, and so their frightfulness is largely unrealized. We cannot conceive how any person could remain even moderately moved over the matter, if once he beheld with his eyes the horrors involved.—The 'Christian.'

The Testimony of a Drunkard.

In 'L'Etoile du Matin' we read of a young man having gone up to the bar of a tavern and asked for a glass of gin. The tavern-keeper answered him, 'No, you have already had enough.' Almost at the same time two beardless youths entered and called for glasses, and were served. When they had left, the drunkard said: 'Scarcely six years ago I was as young as these two youths. I was the joy of my parents, who anticipated for me a brilliant future. I was intelligent and virtuous. But I fell into the hands of evil companions and learned to drink, and became what I now am, a drunkard. My mother died recently of vexation at my condition, and my good and brave wife has quitted her brutish husband and returned to her parents. Why refuse me at this moment a part of my daily rations? Pour out for me boldly the cursed liquor, for you cannot injure me farther; my health, my intellectual faculties, my will, my fortune, my happiness, are all swallowed up in the drink; but hear my prayer: Do not serve more gin to these young men who have gone out, lest you be the cause of their perdition. I am lost, irrevocably lost, but these may yet be saved. For the love of God do not pour out for them any more liquor.'

The tavern-keeper presented a glass to the wretched man, who swallowed the cursed drink as a veritable dipsomaniac, and quitted the tavern, after shaking hands with the tavern-keeper, as if to accentuate still more his confession and his prayer. And the tavern-keeper put back the vessel from which he had poured out the liquor, saying, "If the good God is merciful to me, I will henceforth gain my crust of bread in some other way than that of selling misery and company." And he kept his word.—'Temperance Record.'

After Many Days.

'I should like to tell you an incident,' said a friend who called a few days ago, 'because I think it will interest you.'

'Please do,' I said heartily, 'especially if I may tell it again.'

'I was coming away from one of the special meetings for the deepening of spiritual life, and feeling rather sad because my own faith and service were so far below what I wished, when something happened to fill me with thankfulness and joy. As I was entering my house a policeman came to me with a letter which he said had been sent from America by a young man whom he used to know in our village.

'He had heard,' said the policeman, 'that you had left the village, and as he did not know your address in the town he commissioned me to find you, and give you this letter. Perhaps you remember John ——? It is from him.'

'I remembered him very well,' continued my friend; 'he was a lad in our Sunday School and had caused us a good deal of anxiety. There was a time when no one could tell whether the public-house or the church would secure him. He was too much with companions who would have led him in the wrong direction, but we wanted him for something better; he was a nice lad, it seemed a great pity that he should not decide for Christ and give up the drink and evil ways. We knew he loved the little chapel, and there were some good men there then to influence him, and especially an effort was made to get him to sign the pledge. After a time we heard that he had emigrated. Well, my letter was from him. He married and settled down in Calamfoo, Michigan, and is very prosperous; and he wrote—to thank me for a few words I spoke to him more than twenty-four years ago.'

'Oh, how beautiful!' I exclaimed. 'How lovely for you! I am so glad.'

'Yes,' said my friend, who always wears the beautiful grace of humility; 'it is wonderful that I ever did anything for which I should be thanked after twenty-four years. Would you like to see the letter?'

I said that I would, very much indeed.

It was a letter to make one glad and proud, written in an excellent handwriting, and in sentences that were very forcible. 'You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, as I have never written to you before during the whole twenty-four years we have been in this country; for it was twenty-four years the 1st day of March since we landed at Boston, and a few days later at this beautiful city which we have called home all those years. Now, as to my reasons for writing to you, I have been asking the Lord about it, and I could not seem to get you out of my mind, so I decided to write to you this morning, after we prayed at our family altar. Again, in Sunday school, in reviewing the "Temperance Lesson" I was led to tell some of my experiences when I started in the true service. We had sung the hymn 'Yield not to temptation,' and I told of the time when I was saved from the public-house and the drink habit, and how I promised the Lord never to enter a public-house again. He helped me to keep that vow. I told at the meeting of the encouragement I received from a lady, who, one Sunday morning, as I was leaving the little Baptist church, took my hand in the vestibule, and with a look of kindness said to me, 'John, I am so glad you have taken the right course,' I cannot remember the exact words, but it was the spirit and kindly manner. I cannot tell you what encouragement it gave me, and how glad I felt that someone cared enough for me to speak a kindly word to me, who felt himself so fallen and wicked. That lady was yourself, my dear lady. You, perhaps, do not remember, but the memory of that act has been a comfort to me, and has helped me to endure strong temptations, and not to go back to sin when I feared that I might fall, and be overcome by the enemy. So, after all these years, I thank you for those kindly words, which, at the turning point of my life, did so much for me. God bless you and yours. I pray God may make you a blessing to others—to the poor and the fallen; that your last days may be your best days in usefulness in the Lord's vineyard; and that you may have the experience as written in the blessed words, 'The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

Is not this a letter to make glad the heart of a Christian woman? After many years the seed that was sown half unconsciously is found to have brought a beautiful and plentiful harvest. 'It was such a little thing,' she says, 'nothing; just an ordinary word spoken in a casual way. I feel that I do not deserve such a blessing.'

Ah, but it was not an ordinary word; it was, I know, accompanied by a smile and a look from the kindest eyes; and it was not spoken in a casual way, for some women live lives of prayer, and whether they know it or not, are always pleading for others. My friend is to be congratulated because she has heard what that word, probably long ago forgotten, meant to another. Almost certainly John was not the only young man to whom she spoke in the vestibule of the village chapel; but she will keep this testimony among her treasures, and one of her children will take care of it afterward, for it will be a reminder of what sort of a woman their mother was. But it is an illustration of the truth expressed in the Proverbs, 'A word spoken in season, how good it is.' . . . 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' There are, and let us be thankful for it, some women in every church who know how and when to speak. If John had been scolded or lectured it is possible that the fight for his soul might have gone the other way. This is woman's ministry. Who can tell how many youths there are just waiting for the kindly word, the gentle touch, the look of love that tells of affectionate interest and regard which would mark the turning point in their lives? It is such young men as John who have gone out to our colonies from the village chapels of England who are making a future of old-fashioned piety and true success.—'Christian World.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' BUSY BEE COUPON.

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal:—

Sirs,—Enclosed please find ten cents in stamps, for which please send to address given below a copy of August 'Canadian Pictorial,' also a copy of September issue, when ready.

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P. O. .....

Date ..... Prov. .....

N. M.

N. B.—This coupon will not appear next week.

How Charlie Bathed Alone.

(A. L. Hannah, in the 'Little One's Annual.')

'May I go in bathing, mamma?' asked Charlie, as he and his mother walked down to the beach.

'Why, no, dear; not this afternoon. I do not care to bathe, and you could not go in alone, you know.'

So Charlie, who was a wise little boy and had learned to make the best of things, began to play in the sand.

Pretty soon, however, his attention was attracted by a little boy who was having a splendid time in the surf. It was not the regular bathing-hour, so the little fellow had the whole ocean to himself, and he was splashing about in grand style. Charlie could not understand it at all. Why would he be in danger, if another little boy could go in in safety?

'Mamma,' he said at last, 'that little boy is lots littler than I am, and he is in all alone. See! there is a great big wave coming, and I should think his mamma would be afraid that he would be washed away.'

But the little fellow's mother did not seem to be in the least worried. She sat quietly on the beach, and watched her boy tumbling about in the water, as though he was not in the slightest danger.

In a minute more, Charlie understood the reason. On came the big wave, tumbling and tossing; but before it reached the little bather, whom Charlie watched very anxiously, he saw him suddenly skip backward. In another instant, he was lying high up on the sand. Then Charlie noticed that there was a small rope tied to a belt about his waist, by which his mother had pulled him in.

'O mamma!' he cried, 'that is a very nice plan—oh, a very nice plan indeed! Don't you think that you would let me go in, in such a very safety way? Will you harness me to-morrow, mamma?'

Mamma was so much pleased with the 'safety way' of bathing that the next day two little boys might have been seen, harnessed, as Charlie expressed it, and tumbling about in the surf together. Of course they made each other's acquaintance immediately, and soon become firm friends.

They both decided that bathing at the end of a rope was by far the most enjoyable way.

Three Little Rules.

Three little rules we all should keep
To make life happy and bright—
Smile in the morning; smile at noon;
And keep on smiling at night!

—Stella George Stern, in 'St. Nicholas.'

I Tell You what's a funny thing,
And that's a polly wog;
He sheds his tail and grows some legs,
And then he is a frog.

—Waif.

Where They Found Ephraim.

Ephraim was sleepy. He had followed Danny upstairs. Danny was sleepy, too. His mother was busy in the kitchen, and had not heard her little boy's feet clumping up the stairs. But Ephraim had; his ears were sharp. So he crept up behind Danny. When the top stair was reached, Danny began to yawn, and so did Ephraim on the stair behind him.

'I dess I'll have a nap,' lisped Danny, climbing on his mother's bed.

'I would like to go to sleep, too,' purred Ephraim—'but not on the bed! I got a whipping the last time I slept there.'

So he crept softly across the room until he reached the closet door. It was ajar. Ephraim's paw opened it wider.

'I'll climb into that basket; it will be a softer place than the bed,' purred the cat.

He curled himself up among the heap of clothes in the basket, and had soon purred himself to sleep.

Danny woke from his nap first—a long-time first! When his mother came upstairs he was sitting up in the middle of the bed rubbing his sleepy blue eyes and wondering how he came there.

His mother dressed him in a clean white dress, and told him to go downstairs and play with Ephraim.

'I tan't find Efwum, mamma!' Danny called from the foot of the stairs, after he had searched in every room for his pet.

He was in the dining-room just after dinner, dear,' his mother called back.

'Well, I tan't find him now,' answered Danny. 'I've hunted ev'ywhere for him.'

'Perhaps he has gone to sleep somewhere,' Danny's mother said, in a comforting tone, as the little boy came trudging back up the stairs, calling, 'Efwum! Efwum!' at every step.

But at supper time the little Angora kitten with a long name had not made its appearance, and Danny went to bed in tears.

In the morning the search for Ephraim began again. As he scarcely ever went out of doors, it did not seem possible that he could have run away; so every room and closet and nook and corner was searched, until Danny's little feet were so tired that again he climbed to his mother's bed, and this time he cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke the telephone bell was ringing—22-2! 22-2! 22-2! My! How it did keep going!

Danny slid from the bed and ran to call his mother. He met her coming up the stairs, for she, too, had heard the three rapid calls, and was hurrying to answer them.

Danny stood very still beside her, listening. He always liked to hear his mother talk through the funny black tube. The voice at the other end sounded so much like Punch and Judy.

'Hello!' his mother's soft voice was saying. Danny thought she ought to speak louder, so the one at the other end could hear better.

But in a minute or two he heard a far-away voice calling: 'Are you 22-2?'

'Yes, 22-2,' his mother answered; and then in a low tone to herself: 'Why, it is the laundry-man! What can he want!

'Have you lost a kitten?' came through the tube.

Danny could not possibly wait another minute. He put his lips up close beside his mother's, and in his little piping voice shouted: 'Yes; we've lost Efwum!'

'Well, if it is a kitten you mean, it is here with your clothes—jumped out of the basket when we opened it. We've fed it, and will keep it until called for. Good-by!'

That night a very happy little boy clasped the long-lost kitten in his arms; while Danny's mother declared that she never should leave the cover off the basket again, for she would much rather wash Ephraim at home than send him to the laundry.—Selected.

Two Sides of a Shower.

'Spitter, spatter,' fell the rain on the windowpanes. What a pity when that was the very day that Jack and Jill were going to have a picnic under the big walnut tree! Jack was a boy, and of course wouldn't cry about it; and Jill tried to be manly too, till at once she remembered the little round cakes with holes in them. They were already packed in the basket. Nearly any girl would cry when she remembered those cakes.

'Maybe it will stop in a minute,' suggested mamma.

'I 'spect it's goin' to rain forever,' answered Jack, crossly.

Jill couldn't say anything at all.

Uncle Fred whistled. He looked at mamma, then out of the window, then at the children, and back at mamma. She laughed and nodded 'yes.'

'If Jill keeps on like that, we'll have more water inside the house than out,' he said. 'We can't have the house soaked with water that way. Just wait until I come back,' and in a minute they could hear him upstairs.

Jill had already stopped crying, and Jack's face wasn't nearly so long and sober; for Uncle Fred always thought of such nice things to do.

There hadn't been half time enough to wonder, when there he was back with an armful of clothes. In two minutes more he had Jack inside a last year's suit, while mamma was buttoning the bottom button of Jill's faded blue gingham.

'Oh, I know! Goody, goody!' cried Jack, as he started for the yard. And there wasn't a tear on Jill's face as she followed.

Then began such a shower bath out in the rain. It felt so funny that Jill had to shut her eyes and laugh. And only to run through the grass and not mind getting wet.

But the best time was when they found the corner where the water was shooting out of the spout. Uncle Fred and mamma watching from the porch had to laugh, too, when Jill took a tumble into the little lake it made.

Long before they had done half the things to be done, the rain had stopped and the little clouds had all run away.

Of course it was too wet to have the picnic under the big walnut, but they had it in the attic instead. After it was all over a little boy with a very clean face and a little girl with all the curl out of her wet hair stood again and looked out of the window

'Picnics are fun,' said Jill.

'But rain is funnier,' said Jack; 'and I wish it had rained forever.'—'Round Table.'

Correspondence

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I started to school at Easter of 1903. I am going to Hallman's School now, and am in the senior third. We have a fine large, white brick school-house, with a beautiful playground and large shade trees. We got a fine flag for our school a year ago.

The people around here talk German, and I have learned a little from the girls at school. We have a fox terrier called 'Gyp.' She will stand on her hind legs for a piece.

I have a hen, 'Grizzly.' She was a chicken hatched out of the incubator last year, and got her leg broken. Mother put it in splints, and she grew to be a fine big hen.

ABBIE W. FLEMING.

S., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, seven years old in July, and as I have seen no letters from here I thought I would write one. I live in a country place; there are but a few houses, and I can not go to school, for the school is 3½ miles from here. I live one half mile from the new lighthouse. Papa and I visit it quite often. My mamma and little sister are dead, so we are quite alone, only my aunt lives with us and takes care of me. For pets, I have none but a tame squirrel.

HENRY J. SWAIN.

[We don't understand your riddle, Henry, when you write next time explain it, and perhaps then it can go in.—Ed.]

F. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and am in the senior fourth class at school. I am having a great time swimming and fishing now. There are very good fish here, some pike, three feet and a half to four feet, and I tell you it is nice to get a big one on the line. We have two horses, a cow and a little coach dog, half of his face black, and the other half white. He is all spots about as big as a ten cent piece. I like your paper very much, and there are very nice stories in it about missionary work. In the winter there is great skating here, and there is a ridge running right below our house.

MACK A. FRANKLIN.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have only seen one letter in the 'Messenger' from here, I thought perhaps you would like to hear from one of the readers of your paper. My father gets the 'Witness,' and I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School. We think they are lovely papers.

I live on a farm about two miles from the small village of E. We have over thirty head of cattle, and some pigs, sheep, and hens. We have just two bay horses, Lucy and Jim. I am very fond of reading, but have not read many books. Some are, 'Ben Hur,' 'Sketch Book,' 'The Golden Chord,' 'From Jest to Earnest,' etc. 'Chatterbox' must write again soon, just to show us that she has not forgotten how.

I think the answer to Janet A. Kinsman's riddle (April 19), is, 'Because it is high-bred,' and to Edith V. Allin's second (April 26), 'When it is ground.' Here is a riddle that is perhaps new to the page: Granddady, diddle daddle, dancing in a mud puddle, red shoes and green cap, guess all day and you can't guess that?

LAURA MUNRO.

[Your other riddles have been asked before, Laura. Thanks for your good wishes.—Ed.]

N. I., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for six years, and I would miss it very much if I did not get it every week. My grandpa gave it to me this year for a present. My little brother Charlie has a little pet dog called Beauty. Beauty has a family of five doggies, and they are just beginning to walk. We have a very nice teacher this year from Rochvale. We do not have any Sunday School in the winter, as we have generally very much snow, but it begins in May. I have a little baby sister named Mary Alexandria Stella.

IDA FERGUSON.

[The riddles enclosed have been asked before.—Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

'A Cat and Kittens.' W. T. Brooks (aged 12), B.C., Ont.

'In the Green Meadow.' Janet Thomson (aged 11), U., Ont.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—In reading the letters and riddles sent by little boys and girls of my age, I thought I would like to write a letter. Elma Spradbrow's riddle: What comes up when you bury a calendar? Answer, dates. I am ten years old, go to school, and am in the second book, but being ill for a year, my mother took me to Southern California, where I got well. I enjoyed my trip very much, especially the ocean bathing at the beach. We just missed the Frisco, disaster, for which I am very thankful.

HILDA FRALEIGH.

R. H., Sack.

Dear Editor,—There are ten of us in our family, papa, mamma, two boys, and six girls. Father has four hundred acres of land, four horses and forty-seven head of cattle. I have not gone to school since about the middle of last summer, as I had to stay home and work. We had a baby sister in October, 1906; she is quite big now. Last year we had a picnic at Halcro, and a bazaar in aid of the church. They cleared $89 altogether, and are going to have one this year. Our cows are about the quietest in the neighborhood. We can ride almost every one of them. We always have to milk, separate, etc., every morning, before we go to school, which is one mile and a half away.

We attend the Sunday School, and enjoy it very much. When there is afternoon service, father and mother come, too. Church is four miles away, so we always drive. There is a good deal of brush out here, and quite a few sloughs. I like riding horse-back about the best of everything.

FLOSSIE BEDDOME (age 13).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Messenger' on Sunday about a little girl named Muriel Nichols, who had to stay home from school all winter on account of her health, and wanted to know if any of the correspondents could suggest something to amuse her.

Well, I got bronchitis when I was about a year old, and I kept on till I was about eight, and then I got asthma, which turned out to be bronchial asthma, and I have had that ever since; I am thirteen now.

I have spent a good deal of my time in making what we call a paper doll's house. It consists of a blank book with old wall paper pasted on a double page, which makes it still. Each of these double pages is to be a room in the house. Then get cuts of furniture from any place you can, and paste it in the room it belongs; for instance a bed-room must have a bed-stead with covers on, and a wash-stand, a dresser, and a rocking chair. The hall must have a hat-rack, a small table, an umbrella holder, and other things, and so forth, not to forget the piano and cabinet in the parlor.

The task is easy and delightful, and would amuse Muriel until she gets tired of it. I have made two or three full ones, and so has my brother Ross, who takes a lot of interest in doing it, therefore I think other boys, as well as girls, would enjoy it, too. I wrote to the 'Messenger before, and sent in the riddle: Why is a baby like wheat? Seeing the riddle in the 'Messenger' on Sunday, it said that you did not think it was there before, I concluded that my letter got lost. However, I will send the answer to it, it is first cradled, then threshed, and finally becomes the flower of the family (flour).

I am trying to form a Band of Mercy, which means a band to see that dumb creatures are treated kindly, Don't you think that is a good idea? Perhaps some of the correspondents who have read 'Beautiful Joe' could tell you more, because, if I tell you it will make my letter too long.

KATHLEEN GEDDES.

F. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I have no mamma, but a good, good papa. I live with my uncle, aunt, and four cousins, who are all older than I. We live on a farm about two miles from New Glasgow. It is a very pretty place. I go to school on fine days, which have been very few this winter. I have only gone six months altogether, and am in the Third Book. I have a very nice teacher, and like to go very much.

We get the 'Messenger,' and I always read the Correspondence Page, and like it very much. I will close with some riddles: There was a little green house, and in the little green house there was a little brown house, and in the little brown house there was a little yellow house, and in the little yellow house there was a little white house, and in the little white house there was a little heart?

VIOLET RUBY CAMERON.

[Your answers are correct, but they have been given before, Violet, so has your other riddle.—Ed.]

OTHER LETTERS.

We were very pleased to get quite a number of letters from a Newfoundland school. Several of them will be printed later.

John Farwell, one of the scholars, says, 'I would sooner go to school than go fishing. I haven't much more strange news to tell you, so I must close my letter.' That certainly is strange news, John. However,—glad to hear it.

Emily Brushett, from the same school, writes, 'in winter we have the best of fun, because we can throw snowballs and build snowmen, and we can jump in the snow and skate on the ice.' Well, yes, but summer is not to be despised, is it, Emily?

Another scholar, Hilda V. Foote, writes a short little letter, and thinks it 'quite long enough.' We would like a longer one next time, Hilda.

Flora McKinnon, R., Ont., is only three years out from Scotland. The question you send, Flora, has been asked before.

Sadie Lyons, F. P., N.S., is six years old, and goes to school. Did you write your letter yourself, Sadie?

The "Busy Bee" Competition.

The contest which closed on May 31 for the prize offered for the 'best and most sprightly verses,' submitted on the 'Busy Bee' Cartoon, published in this paper some time ago, brought in sixty-five entries, and the territory they covered, no less than the diversity of competitors, showed how widespread was the pleasant interest aroused by the competition.

Most of the entries came from Ontario next in number being those from Nova Scotia; Manitoba, British Columbia, and the new provinces were all represented, also Quebec and Prince Edward Island, while Brooklyn and New

York each sent one entry, and one poem traversed the wide Atlantic to bring an Englishman's tribute to the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Youth and maiden, boy and girl, the dignified matron, the retired army officer, the clergyman, all alike set themselves to the task. The contest was a surprisingly difficult one, for whatever the charms of the 'Canadian Pictorial' in itself, and however pleasing 'photographing' or 'kodaking' may be as pastimes, certainly to manipulate such words in any sort of verse was no easy matter, so that the greater credit belongs to those who have won honors.

The prize awards, the honorable mentions and the prize verses, all given in the August number of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Ten cents a copy. See contents below.

By using special coupon given on Page 7, readers of this paper who do not as yet take the 'Canadian Pictorial', may secure August and September numbers for ten cents, two copies for the price of one. These may be ordered sent to any address in Canada or the British Isles.

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August 'Canadian Pictorial'

The midsummer spirit pervades the August 'Canadian Pictorial.' The out-door life is pictured in many of its varying phases. The cover is a scene of young fellows fishing that makes a 'brain-fagged' worker sigh for streams that he has heard about. There is, too, a page of fishing scenes in the lakes of Northern Ontario, where the black bass run four and five pounds. Then there's yachting and camping and wading and diving, and a picture of one of the fashionable seaside resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence. But it is not all play. There are two hay-making scenes, taken on an Ontario farm, showing the toilers going out in the morning and building the last load in the evening. There are curious things, such as one of the oldest trees in England and the skilful way in which Italian cavalry officers ride. Then come the news-pictures, of which the chief are those illustrating the national welcome-home that Sir Wilfrid Laurier received, and the catastrophe at London, Ont., in which eight lives were lost. Current events on the other side of the water are not overlooked. The distinguished Canadian of the month is the recently-knighted Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; and in the Woman's Department there is a fine picture of Lady Clark, also articles on 'The Out-Door Life,' 'Summer Shopping,' 'Fruit Preserving,' as well as timely fashion pictures.

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P.S.—For only two new subscribers, as above, we send a Maple Leaf Brooch.

HOUSEHOLD.

Lead Me Aright.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
Without a fear.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

—A. A. Proctor.

Selected Recipes.

Scrambled eggs, like dropped eggs, may be made unpalatable by careless handling or overcooking. Never use an iron frying pan or saucepan of old tin. They are sure to smudge the delicate colors of the egg, and never let the butter scorch before the eggs are added. A well made agate saucepan is always safe. Have the eggs beaten just enough to mix them, add pepper and salt, and stir constantly, to prevent scorching.

Fried eggs, notwithstanding their claims to indigestibility, are a favorite dish in many localities, especially when served with crisp bacon or ham cut thin and broiled over clear coals. It is a mistake to use but little fat. The eggs are liable to stick, and then there is trouble in turning them. Instead use sufficient fat to float them. Break the eggs carefully into the hot fat. Have it quite hot, and keep the pan gently in motion while the eggs are cooking. This motion prevents scorching, and turning the egg is unnecessary, for the fat reaches the top and cooks it sufficiently, curling the sides in a most appetizing manner.

PLUM PICKLE.—Choose fine ripe plums, and in either end of each plum stick a clove and a chip of cinnamon. Arrange the fruit in layers in a wide-necked glass jar, sprinkling sugar between each layer. Fill the jar halfway up with refined vinegar, and steam it in a bain marie till the fruit is cooked. It will, of course, shrink considerably in the process, and the jars must be filled to the top before being covered. Close them down while the contents are still hot. Eaten with cold meat this pickle will be found excellent.

JUMBLES.—Two cups of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, two teaspoons of cream tartar, and one teaspoon of soda. Drop from teaspoon on buttered tins, and sprinkle thickly over the top a mixture of sugar and cinnamon.

BOILED RICE PUDDING.— Wash two teacups of rice and soak it in water for half an hour; then turn off the water, and mix the rice with half a pound of raisins, stoned and cut in halves; add a little salt; tie the whole in a cloth, leaving room for the rice to swell twice its natural size, and boil two hours in plenty of water. Serve with sauce.—Chicago 'Tribune.'

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Lay the stained portion of the cloth over a bowl. Pour boiling water through it, repeating the process until the stain disappears. This simple remedy can also be used for tea, chocolate and fruit stains, but to succeed this should be done before the cloth has been laundered, as soap will tend to set the spots. If they prove obstinate, stretch the cloth over a bowl or deep plate, thoroughly moisten with a little Javelle water, then rinse immediately with clear, cold water, repeating the process if necessary and finishing with a thorough rinsing, as Javelle water is a strong caustic solution, which tends to rot and eat the goods, unless promptly washed out.—'Table-Talk.'

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